

Adair County News

VOLUME XXIV

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NUMBER 47

ATTENTION, VOTERS.

To the Voters of Adair County:

Some weeks ago the governing authority of my party met in convention and unanimously requested that I become a candidate for the office of County Attorney at the coming November election. Added to this, also, has been the personal solicitations of many Republicans asking that I make the race. All this has been without solicitation on my part.

Knowing the condition of affairs in Adair county as I do, and knowing the necessity that something should be done, I consider these request made on me as a call to duty which I feel that I am compelled to heed.

The County Attorney is the most important County officer which you elect because he has, or can have, more influence in shaping the fiscal affairs of the county than any other man in the county, and in him, and within his reach, is vested almost exclusively the means to bring about the enforcement of law.

The condition of your fiscal affairs is, perhaps, not fully known to all of you, but you do know that you are paying more taxes than you ever paid before. You have paid during the first three years of the present administration, the year, 1921, not being considered, because the taxes this year have not yet been collected, an average of over fifteen thousand dollars per year more than was collected by the administration preceding this one for local purposes.

Notwithstanding the fact that there has been exacted from you these large sums in taxes, the County Treasurer informs me that there has been presented to him for payment claims allowed prior to 1921 amounting to over thirteen thousand dollars, and that he had on hands no money to pay these claims.

The law makes the County Attorney the legal advisor of all the county officers, and also makes it his duty to be present at each sitting of your Fiscal Court and to see that the court does not go beyond the limits provided by law in making allowances, and to see that no claim without merit shall be allowed, and you are to judge as to whether the present County Attorney has been as attentive to his duties as he should have been especially since he has drawn in salary during his term twice as much as any other man who ever held the office.

It seems needless that I should call your attention to the inexcusable and deplorable lack of law enforcement in this community, because this fact of failure to enforce law has become a matter of common knowledge to all men.

I believe in the enforcement of law regardless of who the offender may be, and I believe in the economical administration of your financial affairs, and should you elect me, I pledge to you that I will employ every agency provided by law to accomplish these results.

I shall shortly have an appointment in your neighborhood at which time I will fully place these conditions before you.

Yours very truly,
Gordon Montgomery.

Shot in Harlan.

A dispatch came, a few days ago, from Harlan, to Mr. J. D. Turner, who lives on the farm he purchased from R. K. Young, near town, stating that his son, William, had gotten badly shot. No particulars were given and the family were notified to come at once, and they all left. The Turner family formerly resided in Harlan county, removing from there to this county. Another Turner, a cousin of William, was shot about four weeks ago. William is known about Columbia, having lived here with his father.

WANTED—Man with car to sell low priced Guaranteed Valley Tires. \$125.00 per week and commissions. Valley Tire Co., 1301 Broadway, St. Joseph, Mich.

Sudden Death.

Mrs. Leo Bell, who was the beloved wife of Dr. S. A. Taylor, Joppa, this county died suddenly last Sunday afternoon. She seemed to be in perfect health when she arose in the morning, and about 10 o'clock, after she had put her dinner to cooking, she was sitting in the front porch, when she was stricken with paralysis. She was immediately removed to her room where every thing possible was done to bring about relief, but death came about 4 o'clock in the afternoon. She was a very excellent woman, a daughter of John Bell, deceased, and a sister of Mr. Curt Bell, who is well known in Columbia. Her mother was a Walker, an aunt of H. A., John Lee, Nat and Doc Walker, and Mrs. Bruce Montgomery, this place.

She was born and reared in the Western end of the county, and her remains were conveyed to Nell for interment. Besides her husband, she leaves several children, who have the sympathy of a large circle of relatives and many friends. She was about fifty years old, and a devout member of the Methodist church.

Miller--Horton.

A wedding of great interest to many people was that of Miss Juliet Miller and Rev. John Burns Horton of Louisa, Ky., which was solemnized Saturday afternoon in the Clifton Crescent Hill Methodist Church, Louisville, Ky., by the Rev. Baxter W. Napier in a beautiful and impressive ring ceremony. The bride is the attractive daughter of Dr. and Mrs. S. P. Miller. Rev. Horton is a son of Mrs. Mary Burns Horton, grandson of the late R. T. Burns, and at present is pastor of the Methodist church Elizabeth W. Va.

The out of town guests were: Misses Mary and Susan Miller, Miss Myrla Peck, Chicago; Miss Tommie West, Richmond; Miss Key Napier, Scottsville; Messrs. A. D. Patteson, W. L. Welch, Jackson, O. B. Miller, and Mr. and Mrs. T. O. Patteson, Louisville, Ky.

Went Over the Cliff.

A way back in the early 30ths Columbia possessed some very mischievous boys. They were not any worse than boys of other towns, but they were out for anything that would amuse the crowd. One day Ned Cheatham, Kearn Owens and a number of others were on the cliff. Just beyond where Mr. Geo. A. Smith now resides they were walking along the path by the side of the precipice, and one of them had just concluded a very interesting story. Owens remarked, I will show you something that will beat two such stories: On the edge of the cliff stood a fine blooded mare which was the property of Geo. Alfred Caldwell, later a prominent lawyer of Louisville, was blind in one eye and the blind side faced the cliff. Kearn slipped to where she was standing, gave her a quick slap, and she jumped over the precipice, and rolled to the bottom a distance of seventy-five yards. Of course the animal was dead when it reached the bottom. The mare was valued at \$300, and it leaked out that Owens was the boy who gave her the slap. Col. Wm. Owens, the father of Kearn, went to Mr. Caldwell, paid him for the mare, and that was the last trick of that character played here.

Birthday Dinner.

On the 8th day of this month Mrs. Mont Maupin gave Mr. W. R. Myers a birthday dinner. He was sixty-one years old, and it was an elaborate affair. There were a number of invited guests, and the nicely prepared viands were highly enjoyed. Mr. Myers being the happiest persons in the bunch.

Drs. O. P. Miller and W. J. Flowers went to Jamestown last Sunday and removed Mrs. Luther Scholl's tonsils.

Progressive Farming.

There is not a thrifty farmer in Adair and the adjoining counties but is anxious to do more work and better work in breaking ground for seed. There have been many improvements since the days of our grandfathers, who broke their ground with a wooden plow and carried their grain to the mill, the grain in one end of the sack and a rock in the other end, to balance it. As times advanced the thrasher and mowing machines made their appearance, and farming was made much easier and quicker. Improvements continue to come, and many valuable ones have been put in use bringing smiles upon the faces of farmers and cheering the good housewives, who were happy in seeing their husband progressing so rapidly with their work.

Progressive farming continues, and now comes the Fordson Tractor that is astonishing the agriculturist, so easily, rapidly and perfectly does it break land. It is a money saver and no well-to-do farmer can do without one. Buchanan Lyon Company are sparing no pains nor money in endeavoring to place the farming element of this section in a good easy position for expediting work, thereby putting money into their pockets at a cost of only a small outlay in cash.

They handle the Fordson Tractor, and they are selling them to up-to-date farmers who are perfectly delighted with the way they turn soil. A few of the substantial farmers they have furnished are R. L. Faulkner, Romine, H. A. Buchanan, Burdick; Charles A. Bridges, Campbellsville; Mont Corbin, Hunter Fisher, Holmes, and A. F. Scott, Casey Creek. These men will tell you that the Fordson will do more work in a day than three two horse teams and three men, and do it much better. If a farmer wants to economize, and certainly they all want to lessen their work, he will get in communication with the Buchanan Lyon Company, Campbellsville, Ky.

Killing at Monticello.

The Times Special Service. Monticello, Ky., Sept. 9.—Deputy Sheriff Jeff Blevins, under Flowers, of Mt. Pisgah, shot and killed Fox Lovelace, of Cooper, here last night. They were good friends, and Blevins and Lovelace's eldest son, Clarence, were standing on the street talking when the murdered man came up and spoke to them. Blevins remarked that he would shoot him and pulled his gun and shot him through the body. Lovelace lived only a short while, and in his dying statement said he knew of no reason for Blevins shooting him. Blevins was arrested by Deputy Sheriffs Harlan and John Marcum. Blevins claims the shooting was accidental.

Lovelace is survived by his widow, who is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Kennedy of this city, and several children. Blevins is a widower with one son.

Married in Jeffersonville.

Mr. Bradley Tarter, this place, and Mrs. Lissa Hutchison, of Campbellsville, were married in Jeffersonville last Thursday. Soon after the ceremony the couple returned to Campbellsville and Sunday they were at the home of the groom's parents, this place. They have not announced their future location. The groom is one of the firm that runs an auto line between Columbia and Campbellsville.

Ball Games.

There were two ball games here last week, Thursday and Friday, Tompkinsville against Columbia. The first game was a runaway for Tompkinsville, the score standing 12 to 3. Friday our boys made it more interesting for the visitors, and the score was 8 to 6 in favor of Columbia. Both games were clean and the best of feelings prevailed.

Elizabeth Spencer.

Music lovers of this city will rejoice in the announcement that Elizabeth Spencer, the famous Soprano, will give a Concert in the Christian Church, Thursday evening, Sept. 29.

Miss Spencer returns to the Concert platform this year after an absence of several years. The years of silence, however, have not dimmed the beauty of the Soprano voice which Mr. Thomas A. Edison once declared he thought to be the finest in the United States. Her tones are just as pure as ever, and the music lovers here are indeed fortunate that Miss Spencer has included Columbia in her itinerary.

The popularity of Elizabeth Spencer may be judged from the fact that when, after an absence of four years from the Concert stage, it was announced that she was available for an extensive tour, her Manager was immediately deluged with applications for her artistic services. There is not a shadow of doubt that Miss Spencer's Concerts this season will duplicate her extraordinary successes of former years.

Assisting Miss Spencer at her Concert here will be Mr. Emil Bertl, the well-known Pianist and Accompanist. Cards of admittance for Miss Spencer's Concert may be obtained from Herbert Taylor.

Married in Louisville.

Miss Mary Winfrey, the only child of Mr. and Mrs. M. C. Winfrey, this place, was married in Louisville last Thursday morning to Mr. Hugh S. Sharp, a native of Jamestown, but who at the present, is a reporter for the Workmen's Compensation Board, his office being in Louisville. The ceremony was performed by Dr. J. L. Fort, of Trinity Methodist Episcopal Church. The father of the bride was present and witnessed the ceremony.

The bride is a graduate of the Columbia High School, and was one of the popular young ladies of this community, and her friends stand ready to extend congratulations.

The groom is an expert stenographer and Court reporter, popular in his old home town, and his frequent visits to Columbia made him many friends here.

For the present the happy couple will reside in Louisville, all Columbia sending its best wishes.

For Sale.

On Thursday, the 29th of September, I will sell the following property, at public outcry, at my home, near Montpelier:

Two good mares,
One suckling Colt.
One milk Cow.
8 head of hogs.
1 mowing machine.
One turning plow.
Household and kitchen furniture.
14 acres of corn.
Other articles not necessary to mention.

Montgomery Calhoun.

Married.

Some weeks ago, in Louisville, Miss Anna Eubank, of this place, to Mr. Leonard Hardesty. We are told that the groom is a lawyer and that the couple will go to Chicago, Ill., to reside. The bride is the second daughter of Mrs. Fenna Eubank and she has the best wishes of her Columbia friends.

Paid List.

The following are new paid subscribers and renewals since our issue of last Tuesday.

F. I. Ingram, Geo. Shirley, G. W. Lowe, J. E. Atchley, D. U. Rice, H. G. Hoffaday, Mattie Barger, S. H. Mitchell, U. M. Grider, W. F. Stults, Mrs. M. T. Bumgarner, W. T. Carter, Cassie Wolford, E. Q. Walker, U. S. Bradshaw, Dave Willin, Mrs. Hugh Sharp.

The News \$1.50 in Kentucky.

REPUBLICAN COMMITTEE

GETS BEHIND CANDIDATES.

Resolution Endorsing Nominations Adopted. Dr. Nell, True Blue.

At a meeting of the Republican Executive Committee of Adair county, held on Monday, the 29th day of August, 1921, the following resolution was introduced by Dr. L. C. Nell, committeeman from the Gradyville precinct, and unanimously adopted by the committee:

Whereas on August the 6th, a Primary election was held in Adair county and a Republican ticket nominated to be voted for at the coming November election.

Therefore, be it resolved, that this Committee do most heartily endorse the candidates nominated at said primary and we call upon the Republicans of the County to get solidly behind the ticket and roll up the largest majority ever given a Republican ticket in this County.

The Democrats are now and have since the race started in the primary been using every effort to create discord in our ranks.

The party has for years past been together and the result has been largely increased Republican majorities, the time has past for divisions and splits in our ranks.

Every candidate nominated is a true Republican, a high-class gentleman, and well qualified for the office he seeks.

They were all nominated by decisive majorities and there is not the slightest reason why each of them should not receive the united support of the party.

We call on the Republican to profit by past experience and not be deceived by propaganda of the enemy.

We call on every Republican both men and women to get to work for the ticket and not to cease until the polls close on November the 8th, when this is done a victory of which every Republican will be proud will be ours.

Be it further resolved that this resolution be spread upon the record book of this Committee, and that a copy be furnished the Columbia Republican for publication.

Sam Lewis, Chairman, Republican Ex. Com. Adair Co.

By Fred McLean, Sec'y.

Ad

Administrator's Sale.

On Saturday, September 24th, 1921, I, as administrator of E. W. Hurt, deceased, at the home of Y. E. Hurt, will sell the personal property of the said decedent, consisting of some household furniture, two horses, harness, wagon, a log saw and engine, etc. Terms made known on day of sale.

J. L. Johnson, Admr.

47-26

Big Sale.

On Saturday, the 17th, day of September, I will sell at Public Outcry, at my residence, on Jamestown street, the following:

One pair of extra good coming two-year-old mules.
One good mare and mule colt.
One buggy, farm wagon, a few garden tools and corn Sheller, log and trace chains.

Household and kitchen furniture and many other articles.

Sale starts at 9 a. m.

Terms made known on day of Sale.

J. T. Goodman,

J. S. Breeding, Auctioneer.

There was a show of the colts of American Prince, a fine horse belonging to Mr. R. H. Price, last Monday week, county court day. There were twelve colts in the show, all good ones, making it a little difficult for the Judges to decide. Finally a decision was reached, Mr. Bascom Dohoney's mare colt taking the premium and G. A. Bradshaw's horse colt was awarded first choice.

Prominent Physician Dead.

Dr. Nathan M. Hancock, a well-known physician of Cane Valley, and who was prominent over the county, a brother of Judge Junius Hancock, this place, died this (Tuesday) morning at 7 o'clock, in the 68th year of his age. A lengthy article could be written about his life and character, but as we go to press early it will have to be deferred. His death will be keenly felt by Adair county where his entire life was spent. He leaves a wife and a number of children. The funeral will take place from his residence tomorrow.

The meeting at the Baptist church continues and the attendance is very good. Rev. Stevens is an interesting speaker and the closest attention is being paid. The meeting will continue through this week, and all who are not attending are invited to come. Up to the present there have been several additions, profession and by letter. The song service is a feature that is very much enjoyed. Rev. Ray who is conducting the song service and others are rendering beautiful solos.

Mrs. E. L. Feese, of Berea, is in a popularity contest for an automobile, offered by the Lexington Herald. On the last count Mrs. Feese was in the lead. She is working diligently and her Adair county friends trust that she will send in more subscribers than any other one contestant, and that she will be awarded the machine. Subscribe for the Lexington Herald through Mrs. Feese.

Mr. Finis Thomas, who lives near Glenville, was struck by lightning last Saturday. He was in his dwelling and the bolt came through the room of his house, struck him on the right arm, then ran down his side to his feet. He was terribly shocked, but in a few hours he was much improved. Mr. Leslie Johnson was also slightly shocked a day or two before the above accident.

The game between Tompkinsville and Campbellsville, who met at the latter place, last Saturday, closed at the third inning on account of rain. At that stage it is reported here that the score stood 8 to nothing in favor of Tompkinsville. The Lebanon game between the home team and Tompkinsville closed at the tenth inning on account of darkness, the score being 3 and 3.

A new barn which was owned by Mr. P. T. Powell, near Garlin, was consumed by fire Monday night of last week. It was a large barn and was built about one year ago. In the barn was about five tons of hay, a lot of oats, and three sets of harness, all of which were destroyed. The loss is estimated at a fair valuation at six to seven hundred dollars. No insurance.

Emancipation celebration by the colored people will take place at the Fair Grounds Thursday, the 22 inst. Good speakers will be present, the Bardstown Colored band, and a ball game between Columbia and Burkesville will be played. It will be a great day for the colored people, and they are cordially invited.

Messrs. W. W. Edwards, of the Bourbon Stock Yards, Louisville, John E. May, of Lebanon, W. O. Gaines, Campbellsville, were the Judges in all the shows at our Fair. They are men of fine judgment and their decisions were very satisfactory, their only object being to tie the ribbon where it belonged.

For Sale.

Thoroughbred Duroc Shoats. Will weigh about 50 pounds each. Price, \$5.00 each—both sex.

C. E. Young, Montpelier, Ky.

47-26

Mr. Melvin Bault, a farmer living near Holmes, got one of his legs badly cut a few days ago. He was shopping his horse and the buttress slipped, with the result as above stated.



SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—Young Carlyle Whitburn Dale, or "Bill Dale" as he is called to be known, son of a wealthy coal operator, John K. Dale, arrives at the Halfway Switch, in eastern Tennessee, abandoning a life of idle ease—and incidentally a bride, Patricia Clavering, at the altar—determined to make his own way in life. He meets "Babe" Littleford, typical mountaineer girl. "By" Heck, a character of the hills, takes him to John Moreland's home. Moreland is chief of his "clan," which has an old feud with the Littlefords. He tells Dale of the killing of his brother, David Moreland, years ago, owner of rich coal deposits, by a man named Carlyle. Moreland's description of "Carlyle" causes Dale to believe the man was his father.

CHAPTER II.—Dale arranges to make his home with the Moreland family, for whom he entertains a deep respect.

CHAPTER III.—Talking with "Babe" Littleford next day, Dale is ordered by "Black Adam" Ball, bully of the district, to leave "his girl" alone. Dale replies spiritedly, and they fight. Dale whips the bully, though badly used up. He arranges with John Moreland to develop David's coal deposits. Ben Littleford sends a challenge to John Moreland to meet him with his followers next day, in battle. Moreland agrees.

CHAPTER IV.—During the night all the guns belonging to the Littlefords and the Morelands mysteriously disappear.

CHAPTER V.—Dale arranges to go to Cincinnati to secure money for the mining of the coal. The two clans find their weapons, which the women had hidden, and line up for battle. "Babe," in an effort to stop the fighting, crosses to the Moreland side of the river, and is accidentally shot by her father and seriously wounded.

CHAPTER VI.—To get proper surgical aid, John Moreland, Ben Littleford and Dale convey "Babe," unconscious, to the city. Doctors assure that she is not seriously hurt. Dale meets an old friend, Bobby McLaurin, who had married Patricia Clavering. Telling his father of David Moreland's coal, the old gentleman's actions convince his son of his father's guilt in the killing of Moreland.

CHAPTER VII.—It is arranged that "Babe" is to stay with Mrs. McLaurin to be educated. Dale, refusing his father's proffered financial aid to develop the mine, interests Newton Wheatley, capitalist, who agrees to furnish the money. Dale realizes he loves "Babe."

CHAPTER VIII.—Returning to the Halfway Switch, Dale meets Major Bradley, lawyer, and real friend of the mountaineers, whom he engages as counsel for the company. A man named Goff, of evil repute, tries to bribe Dale to betray the Morelands by selling them the coal deposits, and telling them they are of little value. Dale attempts to thrash him, but Goff draws a revolver. Dale is unarmed.

CHAPTER IX.—Goff enlists the aid of a turbulent crowd, the Balls and Torres, to make trouble for Dale's company. The Littlefords and Morelands agree to forget the old feud and dwell in harmony.

Came a silence that was heavy. Each was depending upon the other to make the advance. The two clansmen stared at each other more and more



The Two Clansmen Stared at Each Other More and More Sharply.

sharply, and soon shadows of bitterness began to creep into their eyes. Then Major Bradley, guest of Ben Littleford, strode into the room with a patrician and soldierly air, and he understood the situation perfectly. "Gentlemen," he urged, "shake hands. Be friends."

They didn't. Neither seemed to have heard the major. It angered Bill Dale. His knowledge of these feudists, these grown-up children, was not yet very thorough. He went to his feet. John Moreland, too, arose.

"We'd as well go, hadn't we?" Dale clipped, and there was disgust in his voice.

"I reckon we had," agreed Moreland.

They walked out of the cabin, leaving Major Bradley and Ben Littleford gazing silently after them. At the gate Dale caught John Moreland's sleeve and halted him.

"Why on earth," he demanded, "didn't you make the break?"

"Bill Dale, I went into his house!"

Dale put his hands on one of the weatherbeaten gateposts and looked over to where a bright star burned like a beacon light above the pine-fringed crest of David Moreland's mountain. He continued to look at the star, his face gray, until it glimmered.

Then he began to blame himself; he was the hope of a benighted people, and he had foolishly lost his temper at a crucial moment! He wondered whether it was yet too late, and turned his eyes toward his silent companion. He saw that John Moreland was looking toward the beacon star.

The voice of Ben Littleford came to them plainly because the night was so very still; he was reading from the Gospel according to Saint Mark, preparatory to his bedtime prayer. The two at the gate listened intently. The way in which the illiterate giant stumbled over the simplest words was pitiful.

The hillman closed the Good Book and placed it on the table beside him. There was the low shuffling of feet as half a dozen persons knelt at their chairs. The prayer which followed was much like John Moreland's own bedtime prayer; it had in it less of supplication than of thanksgiving.

And in the tail of it there were words that were like bullets to the mountaineer at the gate—

"Bless the good man who is with us here tonight, and all o' our kin-folks, and all o' our friends, and all o' our enemies—and 'specially the Morelands. Aymen!"

Dale's hand came down hard on John Moreland's shoulder.

"You told me he wouldn't do it!"

The old clan leader hung his head, like a man suddenly broken. He replied not a word; he seemed amazed into speechlessness. He had been wrong in his estimate of Ben Littleford; he had lied about a man who had just asked the good Almighty to bless him. John Moreland choked a little and started toward the cabin. He walked as though half blind across the porch, and entered without knocking, and went in to Ben Littleford with his right hand outstretched.

"Let's begin anew," he said huskily. "Let's be friends, yore people and my people, you and me!"

Littleford arose and groped for his old-time enemy's hand, found it and grasped it in both his own.

"You're better 'an I am, John Moreland," he said—"you're a d-d sight better 'an I am."

When Dale left them, they were talking over a great bear-hunt that they had taken together a score of years before.

The moon, full and as bright as new gold, had risen just under the beacon star when Bill Dale reached the doorstep of the cabin that was home to him. He faced about. The broad green valley lay very serene and very beautiful there in the mellow light. There was no sound save for the gentle murmuring of the crystal river.

"You wonderful place," he said softly, then added: "My own country!"

CHAPTER X

The Barbarian Princess Goes Home.

Miss Elizabeth Littleford beheld an interesting sight when she alighted from a northbound afternoon train at the Halfway Switch. Just below the long siding a shorter siding had been put in—the railway company had been hastened, no doubt, by the great influence of old Newton Wheatley—and from it had been unloaded a small geared locomotive, a dozen or so of little coal cars opening at the bottom, and miles of light steel rails with kegs of spikes for them.

Out toward her home a crew of men worked like bees at the building of a trestle of round timbers that had been cut from the nearby woods; she at once recognized these men as Morelands and Littlefords, and she knew it meant peace! They didn't recognize her, because of the distance and the clothing she wore, and because they were too busy to pay any particular attention to her.

Farther out toward Doe river another crew of men was at work clearing the way for the little narrow-gauge. She heard the sounds of the ax and the saw, the hammer and the steel, and once there came to her ears the great dull roar of exploding dynamite as a cliff was blown clear of its foundations.

Miss Elizabeth Littleford smiled happily. And she had not been happy for a long time. Patricia McLaurin, with whom she had been staying, had been kindness itself, but the mother of Bill Dale, her Bill Dale, had snubbed her—and besides the longing for the old home hills was riotous in her blood. So she had come back, run away at less than a moment's notice—as had Bill Dale before her, and how good it seemed to be at home! She

would have gone to see the men, had it not been that she feared she would be a bother.

There was another interesting sight when she had reached the crest of David Moreland's mountain. In the upper end of the broad valley, midway between the "settlement" and the opening of the Moreland coal vein, two large buildings were well along in their course of construction.

She put down her bundle of clothing, shaded her eyes with her hand, and tried to find Bill Dale among the builders. But the distance was too great; a man down there was but a mere speck. . . . Before she went on, she removed her shoes and stockings. It was hard for Babe Littleford to become accustomed to wearing useless shoes and stockings in warm weather!

When she had reached the foot of the mountain, she didn't take the by-path her people had been wont to use in order that they might avoid contact with the Morelands. There was no need of avoiding contact with the Morelands now, thank goodness!

Then a voice hailed her from the laurels out at her right, the voice she loved better than any other—

"Hello, Miss Littleford!"

Babe stopped and faced him, and she blushed furiously when she saw him. He was coming rapidly toward her with his hat in his hand, and his brown hair was rumpled and damp with perspiration. She saw that he was in boots and corduroys, the clothing of a timber-jack, and he looked bigger in them; about his waist there was a cartridge-belt, from which hung a big and dependable looking revolver in a leathern holster.

"Hello, Mister Dale!" she mimicked. He shook her hand, then he dropped to a moss-covered log that lay beside the narrow trail.

"Sit down here beside me," he said; and he added: "I've been going hard all day, and I'm pretty tired."

She let fall her bundle and her shoes and stockings, and obeyed.

"Why did you come back, Babe?" he asked as though he were displeased. "Cause," she answered—and she corrected herself quickly, "I mean because."

"No reason whatever," smiled Dale. "Well," and her clear brown eyes looked at him squarely, "I come back because yore mother she said I would be a burden to Miss McLaurin, that's why."

"Mrs. McLaurin," said Dale; "not Miss McLaurin."

"A burden to Mrs. McLaurin, and I ain't a-goin' to be a burden to nobody!" vehemently. In a softer voice, she went on, "Mrs. McLaurin and her husband and her folks has done made up friendly, Bill Dale. Mrs. McLaurin's pap—I mean her father—he brung 'em a big lot o' silver things. . . ."

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Special attention given Disease

Domestic Animals

Office at Residence, 1 mile of town, on
Hastown road

Columbia, Ky.

A man born in the mountains of old Kentucky is of few days and full of viperousness. He fiddleth, fusseth and fighteth all the days of life. Se shunneth water and drinketh much whiskey. He riseth early in the morning and seeketh the scalp of his grandsire's enemies. His life's uncertain and he knoweth not the hour he may be jerked hence. He riseth in the night to let to howling cat out and it takes nine doctors seven days to pick the buckshot out of him. He voweth vengeance on his enemy and lieth in wait for him on election day! And lo! the

A daughter of Rev. J. T. Cherry, who is well known here, has died at her home in Idaho. During the war she was a Red Cross nurse in Russia.

Oil men from this county have purchased the oil output from the rich fields at Tampico, Mexico, and the work of production has already commenced.

The News \$1.50 in Ky.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 6

Pushing The Rich Along.

The rich man doesn't get there by his own efforts alone. The poor man keeps pushing him along.

Take the matter of locomotion as an example.

There was a time when the rich man was glad to ride on a donkey or in an ox cart. The poor man walked.

Then some ancient genius devised the carriage for the benefit of the rich. The poor man climbed into the old cart or straddled the donkey.

But the man of nothing was not satisfied. He wanted something. He commenced to climb into the carriage. In time he began to own them.

With the poor man bowling along in his carriage, the rich man bethought himself of a new toy—one beyond the reach of common folks.

The automobile made it appearance, with its honk in front and its smell trailing along behind.

The rich man was again in a class by himself. He whizzed by old Dobbin and scared him out of his wits or drove him into the ditch.

But it didn't last. The poor man was stubborn in his determination to keep the pace. He declined to stay down.

Again time worked its wonders. It saw the poor man climbing into the rich man's car. Today it sees him owning his own car.

But evolution continues its work. The rich man is now only one of the many. He has no class of his own. Therefore he is turning his eye toward the aeroplane as a means of locomotion.

Some day he will abandon his car and travel in the air—again above the common herd.

But even that will not last. There will be no selection for him even in the clouds. The poor man will get there, too.

It is a great race, with the rich man sprinting to keep a few laps ahead and the poor man following with mighty leaps and bounds in his efforts to keep abreast.

That, if you please, is one way in which the poor man is pushing the rich along.

Some day they may both attain wings—in another world.—Lancaster Record.

Too Long Sighted.

There is a great tendency on the part of the American people to make a close study of conditions in other parts of the world. This in itself is wise and praiseworthy, were it not for the fact that in so doing we consume much time that should be devoted to the scrutiny of affairs nearer home.

The haphazard manner in which many of our public affairs are conducted is evidence of this fact.

If the public at large would make a sincere and determined effort to widen its scope of knowledge upon national, state and local requirements we would be able to send representatives to Washington who would work in harmony with our desires, and not at random as is now too often the case.

In this way we would have a congress more representative of the true sentiments of the people, a congress more devoted to the welfare of all of the people as a whole and less so to certain interests that work while we sleep.

Long sight is a desirable possession, but only when it does not obscure the vision at closer range.—Lancaster Record.

Promise Yourself.

To be so strong that nothing can disturb your peace of mind.

To talk health, happiness and prosperity to every person you meet.

To make your friends feel that there is something in them.

To look on the sunny side of everything and make your optimism come true.

To think of the best, to work only for the best, and to expect only the best.

To be just as enthusiastic about the success of others as you are about your own.

To forget the mistakes of the past and press on to the greater achievements of the future.

To give so much time to the improvement of yourself that you have no time to criticize others.

To be too large for worry, too noble for anger, too strong for fear, and too happy to permit the presence of trouble.

To live in the faith that the world is on your side so long as you are true to the best that is in you.

To wear a cheerful countenance at all times and to have a smile ready for every living creature you meet.

To seek the strength to do this from God, from whom alone it can be obtained.—Exchange.

Took Ten Years to do It.

For ten years the Mississippi State Agricultural College, working with the Federal Department of Agriculture, has been seeking to build up dairying in the State to furnish a source of income from the soil which would not be at the mercy of the boll weevil. The Department says of the comparative showing made by cotton and dairy farmers:

"To farmers these facts should lend encouragement to break away from the one-crop system; to the bankers and business men they should be convincing proof that greater farm prosperity, attained by a more permanent and constructive type of farming, benefits the entire community."

"The growth of the dairy industry throughout the South is limited in a very large degree by the willingness and ability of bankers and other moneyed interests to finance the cotton farmer of the past in buying cows and making the necessary changes in order to branch out in a new line."

The lesson is not for the South alone to heed Diversification of crops wherever farmers' toil will increase individual and community prosperity and prevent the periods of terrible depression which are inevitable wherever the one-crop system is followed.—N. Y. Herald.

The News \$1.50 in Kentucky.

BIG STOCK OF CLOTHING

I am now ready to supply young men, old men and boys with clothing. I have an immense stock and receiving new supplies daily. I can interest you in prices. If you need any thing in this line, call at once.

SHOES! SHOES!!

My stock of fine shoes for men and boys was selected with care. I bought them right, and they are being sold at the shortest profit.

I can also accommodate ladies and young girls with the latest styles in shoes.

BUCCIES AND WAGONS.

I have a large supply of the very best makes and I am selling them at living prices. Riding and walking plows, all kinds at LIBERAL DISCOUNT for CASH.

It matters not what you need on the farm, I can please you in the article and price.

WOODSON LEWIS

GREENSBURG, - - - - - KENTUCKY.

Origin of White House.

The White House was so called because it was made of white freestone.

The site was selected by President Washington and Maj. Peter Charles L'Enfant, city planner, in 1791.

The architect was James Hobin, of Dublin.

The plans were chosen by competition.

The cornerstone was laid October 13, 1792.

The first occupants were President and Mrs. John Adams, in November, 1800.

The White House was burned by the British in 1814.

It was first heated by gas in 1848.

A system of heating and ventilation was installed in 1853.

The original cost of the White House was defrayed out of the sale of lands donated by Maryland and Virginia.

Our Women.

American women are more fortunate than their cousins of Europe—if it can be called good fortune.

In America there are about the same number of men as there are women, and the latter

are admired, courted and sought after. They take their choice.

In Europe it is different. The war has worked great havoc with the male population. There are many millions more women than men, and this condition is becoming worse daily through the emigration of vast numbers of men to other parts of the world.

The surplus women of Europe are facing a dismal and hopeless future. Marriage is their natural state, but only the enactment of laws authorizing polygamy will prevent their dying as spinsters.

The next time you feel dissatisfied with conditions, sister, just contrast your present state with that of the women abroad.

It is a rich field for deep thinking.

The League of Nations will consider the question of disarmament at its sessions which began at Geneva last week. It is one of the important provisions of the covenant.

The League of Nations begins its second annual meeting at Geneva today.

Kentucky ranks second in the U. S. in the number of post offices. Pennsylvania ranks first.

Columbia Barber Shop

MORAN & LOWE

A Sanitary Shop, where both Satisfaction and Gratification are Guaranteed.

Give us a Trial and be Convinced.

W. B. PATTESON

GENERAL INSURANCE

International Made-to-Measure Clothes.

Second Floor, Jeffries Building.

COLUMBIA, - - - KY.

A Splendid Offer.

Here is a proposition we make to readers who want a city paper, but do not want a daily:

We will furnish the Adair County News and the St. Louis Globe Democrat for \$1.90 per year, in Kentucky. To subscribers living in other States \$2.40.

The Twice-a-week Globe Democrat is one of the best and newest papers published in this country. We do not know how long this proposition will hold good, therefore, if you want the papers, call or send in your subscription at once.

HENRY W. DEPP,

DENTIST

Am permanently located in Columbia.

All Classes of Dental Work Done.

Crowning and Inlay Work a Specialty.

All Work Guaranteed
Office:—next door to post office.

Adair County News

Published On Tuesdays

At Columbia, Kentucky.

J. E. MURRELL, Editor
MRS. DAISY HAMLETT, Manager

A Democratic Newspaper devoted to the interest of the city of Columbia and the People of Adair and adjoining Counties.

Entered at the Columbia Post-office as second class matter.

TUESD. SEPT. 13, 1921.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE:

In Kentucky..... \$1.50
Outside of Kentucky..... \$2.00
All Subscriptions are due and Payable in Advance

Democratic Candidates.

The following are the Democratic candidates to be voted for at the November election:

NOAH LOY, Representative.
GORDON MONTGOMERY, County Attorney.EVAN AKIN, Sheriff.
CHAS. F. PAXTON, Circuit Court Clerk.

The Independent candidate for County Judge is C. G. JEFFRIES.

For some weeks we have heard the matter of extending the corporate limits of Columbia, discussed, and most generally the parties discussing it favored the proposition. They take the position that there are a number of people who live in the town of Columbia for all intents and purposes, but their residences are just over the line and for that reason they pay no town taxes which are expended for keeping up the town. People who live inside of the line pay town taxes and those who live just over the line are exempt. There are two sides to this proposition and which side is the best for economy's sake is the question. If the limits are extended new streets will have to be made by the town and the position some take is that the new streets would cost a great deal more than the taxes of the influx would amount to, and they would have to be graveled or rocked every few years, and looking at it from that standpoint, the town would lose. How is Columbia to grow if streets are not opened? In the present boundary, one-half mile each way, there are no available lots, hence there can not be an extension of the town without building sites. How does any town grow without extending the corporate limits? Columbia, even as it is has the reputation of being one the best inland towns in Kentucky, and it could be made much better if enterprising men would look to its interest. We have a large stream of water right at town, and several never failing branches, and in our judgment small factories would be established if men who are willing to operate could find lots to build homes for their families. This town is sadly in need of pep, live men who want to see it grow.

The Louisville papers are devoting quite a bit of space to automobile thieves. Catch 'em are quit talking.

Nearly every county paper we pick up the first thing we see is "Taking Schools out of Politics." We are just trying the mode of keeping them in in Adair county. Wait until we see how it is going to work.

The State Fair is now on, and people living out in the country are thronging Louisville. Adair will send a large delegation.

Cotton is coming to the front, bringing great joy to Southern planters. The advance has made the old crop, still in the hands of the Southern people, \$250,000,000.

Everything indicates that the people of the South are going to get decidedly better prices for their cotton. The holdover cotton is going to bring in lots of money, and the growers need it.

Hon. Lilburn Phelps stands pat and will fight the adoption of the two amendments to the Constitution. Colvin has found a man who will stick to his assertions until Gabriel blows his trumpet.

From the tone of the papers reaching this office the two amendments to the Constitution will be dumped. So far as Adair county is concerned, judging from expressions, it is almost unanimously opposed to them.

Miss Allie Nolan Vance, fourteen years old, charged with killing her father, near Bardstown, a few weeks ago, was held to await the action of the grand jury. She fell out with her father because he forbade her keeping company with a certain young man.

Glasgow was chosen as the meeting place for the Kentucky Department of the American Legion for the year 1922. The vote was taken at the State meeting, at Lexington, last week and Glasgow won over Ashland. Glasgow will throw open her doors and see that the boys have a good time.

The Lincoln Independent party was born in Louisville two weeks ago. The emblem is the face of Abraham Lincoln and negro representation is its aim. The party will have a full ticket in the field, excepting the judiciary. The colored people of the Falls City are tired of being hewers of wood and drawers of water.

The friends of the late Rev. Geo. O. Barnes will be glad to know that a one thousand dollar monument has been purchased and erected to his memory and that of his dear companion, who were buried in the Stanford cemetery. Rev. Barnes went all over this country years ago preaching "God is love," and thousands of people confessed their savior under his preaching.

It looks like the time has come when it requires the wisdom of shrewd lawyers to punish bank robbers. The bandits have a national organization, with plenty of money, and when one is caught, sympathy is worked up and all the money necessary to secure his release is furnished. Driscoll did not get away, but over two thousand dollars were furnished to release him. The law had the dead wood on him, and yet he played his game in a manner to get only five years. If he is dutiful while in the penitentiary he will get out in three years and nine months and will again be ready to apply the Jimmie.

SUCCESS FOR LEAF MARKETING.

Lexington, Ky.—Favorable re-

ports continue to come in at the office of the Burley Tobacco Growers Co-operative Marketing Association in the Johns Building in regard to the progress of the campaign to sign up 75 per cent of the tobacco crop of the Burley district under the new marketing plan proposed by the association. A contributing factor in the success of the new organization is the low price of tobacco last year and another is the low price being paid on the South Carolina and North Carolina markets this year.

Heretofore the price of Southern tobacco has been higher than that of burley. This year, according to official reports from North and South Carolina, published in the Western Tobacco Journal, of Cincinnati, and other trade papers, South Carolina tobacco is averaging but a small fraction over 8 cents a pound and North Carolina leaf but a little over 7 cents a pound, less than a third the price paid for tobacco in July last year. These facts have had a tendency to awaken the burley growers to the seriousness of the situation, since there is no reason apparent for believing that the manufacturers will run their business this year in a different way from previous years, and if that proves to be true, the price of burley tobacco will not reach even last year's figure.

WE HAVE TO KEEP THEM.

The appointment of Gen. Leonard Wood as American Governor of the Philippine Islands has caused greater interest in those possessions than any event since the days of the Aguinaldo revolt and its suppression, and we notice in various American newspapers a conclusion that General Wood's appointment means an end to the talk of Philippine independence, and that it is in order for the United States to be ready to protect her interests in the Pacific.

It is strictly in order, however, to point out that of evidence of Japan's desire to gobble up the Philippines there is not one scrap. Why should Japan want the Philippines? They would be a burden to her, and nothing more. They are a burden to the United States. We get nothing, or certainly very little from them, and we give a good deal. The suggestion of possible war between Japan and America for the possession of those islands is a fantastic one.

Going back to the suggestion that the appointment of General Wood means permanent occupation of the Philippines by the United States, it may be said that that is not proven. It is understood that General Wood has reported that immediate independence for the Philippines would be unwise. With this the Evening Post agrees. But do we intend to stay forever, or for, indeed, as much as twenty-five years, a quarter of a century, in the Philippines? That depends doubtless on the progress of the people. Our material interests calls for a relinquishment of this task, but, having become responsible for the destinies of these people, we act properly in declining to turn them adrift while they are in a stage that makes them incapable of self-government.—Louisville Post.

The News \$1.50 in Ky,

Oil News.

Cumberland County
W. K. White, of Ohio, has contracted with Dale & Garvin, Bakerton, Ky., for the drilling of two wells on the Lela Smith farm, on the north side of Cumberland River, rig is up and drilling started. Should Mr. White, be successful in getting oil in these wells, he will drill several more as fast as possible. This farm adjoins the "Old English Farm" on the south where a well was drilled in 1867 and credited with having flowed 1200 barrels per day. Small refinery was operated on this farm for a number of year.

T. A. Sherdian, drilling on the G. C. Smith farm, Renox Creek, has a strong gas well at 160 feet, but will drill the well deeper as soon as the heavy pressure blows out.

The Winters Oil Co., drilling on the Strange farm, Renox Creek, encountered a heavy gas pressure at 190 feet, will drill deeper as soon as new cable arrives from Scottsville. Senator Bainum and W. C. Lacy, are on the ground pushing the development as fast as possible.

Southern Oil & Refining Co., Denver, Colo., have cleaned out an old well on the T. M. Glidewell farm, Brush Creek. This well was drilled in 1903 and since being cleaned out and placed on the pump it is showing for a nice producer.

Dr. H. W. Wick, of Butler, Pa., and J. W. McFree of Pittsburgh, Pa., arrived in Burkesville, Tuesday. They will at once commence drilling on the John Alexander farm on the north side of Cumberland River, near Bakerton. These people will drill at least four wells.

A nice showing of oil was found at 106 feet in the Hicks No. 1 on Brush Creek. This well is being drilled by Stone and others of Jamestown, N. Y.

C. A. Gartlan, has resumed drilling on his No. 1 J. A. Nealey, he has been held up by lack of water.

The Daniel Boone Oil Co., are spudding in on their No. 1 on the Crawford farm on Kettle Creek, it is reported that the indications look good for a strike here.

Johns & Patterson, are progressing slowly on their No. 1 F. F. Smith on Bear Creek, due to continued high gas pressure. They will drill this well to a depth of 2000 feet unless a paying well is found at lesser depth. The same people will as soon as possible commence drilling on the Lela Keen farm in same vicinity.

The Refinery at Burkesville, will be ready to commence refining oil by the time this goes to press, they are receiving crude oil now.

Drilling operation continue to increase in Cumberland County, and indication at present are that it will be very active this fall.

Russell County.
The Carnahan Refinery, is receiving crude oil and expects to begin refining early this week.

It is reported that several new wells will be started in the Creelsboro field at an early date.

Adair County
B. R. Taley & others, of Olney, Ill., are expected to begin drilling operations in Adair County, at an early date.

Fordson TRACTOR



"Yes I've more Time for Myself Since I Got a Fordson"

The Fordson Tractor is taking much of the drudgery out of farm life; it is solving the labor problem; it is reducing the cost of preparing land by almost one half of what it was with horses; and it is saving one third to one half of the farmer's time; and making farm life more attractive.

The Fordson will run your threshing machine—and at the most opportune time for you. It will operate the milking machines, saw your wood, fill your silo, pump the water, and take care of every kind of belt work—

And don't forget—it will plow six to eight acres in a ten hour day, handling two plows with ease.

Thus the Fordson is the ideal year-round tractor. It will pay for its fall and winter keep in many ways.

There's a big story to tell you about the Fordson—and a true one—come in and get the facts. Or, if you prefer, telephone or drop us a card and we will bring them to you.

The Buchanan Lyon Co.

INCORPORATED
Columbia, - Kentucky.

CONCERT BY

ELIZABETH SPENCER

This will be the season's most unique musical event. In addition to singing several groups of songs, Miss Spencer has consented to compare her voice with its RE-CREATION by Mr. Edison's new phonograph. She will be assisted by Emil Bertl, pianist.

The famous soprano will appear at

The

Christian Church

Thursday, Sept. 29th.

Admittance by invitation only. A few reservations are still left. We shall be glad to issue these to music-lovers who apply, in order of application. Call, write or telephone.

Herbert Taylor, Columbia, Ky.

PERSONAL

Mrs. J. F. Montgomery's condition, is better.

Mr. Lewis Coffey is at home, from Memphis.

H. T. Baker is attending the State Fair this week.

Miss Julia Eubank is in the Louisville market this week.

Mr. M. C. Winfrey made a business trip to Louisville last week.

Mr. Edward Hamlett went to Bowling Green, to attend the fair.

Mr. J. H. Pickett, Campbellsville, was here a few days of last week.

Miss Sallie Diddle is visiting relatives in Adairville, Logan county.

Mrs. Ann Lizzie Walker is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Clay Smith, Van Lear, Ky.

Mrs. V. Sullivan and her daughter, Cecil, are in Louisville, this week, attending the State Fair.

Eld. F. J. Barger appears to be resting easy, but there is no perceptible change in his condition.

Mr. Hugh Milligan, of Bowling Green, visited his brother-in-law, Mr. Ray Montgomery, last week.

Mr. J. H. Robertson and Mr. J. A. Harris left for their home, Columbia, Tenn., last Friday morning.

Dr. J. J. Booker and wife, Greensburg, were at the home of Mr. R. L. Davis a day or two during the fair.

Miss Edna Burtel, who has been quite sick for the past two months, has about repaired her health.

Mrs. W. C. Yates who has been visiting, Mrs. T. E. Waggener, has returned to her home Petersburg, Ky.

Miss Louise Rowe accompanied Mrs. P. A. Strange to Frederick, Okla., and will enter school in that city.

Miss Lanie Staples, of the firm of Russell & Co., was in the market last week, purchasing ladies' fine dress goods.

Dr. J. N. Page and wife, who have been here for about two months, expect to return to Monticello this week.

Mrs. W. T. McFarland is with her daughter, Miss Alma, who is teaching music in the High School, Russell Springs.

Judge H. C. Baker, Miss Sallie Baker, Mrs. W. D. Jones and son Herschel, are spending this week in Louisville.

Mrs. A. L. Eubank, the well-known stenographer, left Monday morning to visit her mother, Boston, Mass. She will be absent several weeks.

Messrs. Gordon and Rollin English, whose father, Mr. J. A. English, recently located in Franklin, Ky., visited friends in Columbia last week.

Mr. W. E. Bradshaw and wife, of Louisville, arrived last Friday night. Saturday they went to the home of Mr. Bradshaw's parents, Montpelier.

Miss Rose Hied, a well-known teacher, who has been absent from Columbia for some time, returned last Saturday, and is now meeting her many friends.

Mrs. Elizabeth Grissom and her daughter, Miss Mary, a well-known music teacher, left on their return trip to Hopkinsville last Monday morning.

Mr. Irwin Fraser and wife, who have been visiting in Virginia, for several months, returned to Columbia last Tuesday night. They will remain here some time.

Miss Lillie Judd, who will teach in the Russell Springs High School, left for that point last Thursday. She is a graduate of Georgetown College and is a most excellent teacher.

Mrs. Geo. Montgomery, Quanah, Texas, met her husband in Texas and returned with him to Columbia, and will remain here some time. Her mother-in-law, Mrs. J. F. Montgomery, improves very slowly.

Mr. T. W. Pemberton, Lebanon, Manager of the Cumberland Grocery Company, was here a day or two of last week. He was accompanied by Mr. G. B. Lindsey, who is connected with the Burnside house, same company.

Mr. O. A. Simpson and wife, and Mrs. J. C. Bailey, all of the State of Washington, son and daughter and daughter-in-law, of Judge and Mrs. J.

J. Simpson, arrived one day last week. They were called here on account of the serious condition of their mother.

Mr. Noah Loy, Democratic candidate to represent Adair and Taylor in the next Legislature, spent two days last week in Campbellsville. He attended the institute and met friends from all over Taylor county.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank L. Wolford, of Hamilton, Ohio, visited at the home of Mr. S. D. Barbee during the fair. Mr. Wolford is a nephew of the late Gen. Frank L. Wolford. This was his first trip to Columbia in twenty years.

Messrs. R. W. Shirley, Curt Hindman, J. F. Patterson and Caleb Caldwell visited at Catlettsburg last week. They found Mr. and Mrs. Harris, Prof. Wilson, wife, and children, Mr. A. W. Glasgow and family, in fine health.

Mr. Elmo Pearce and family, of Blackwell, Okla., arrived in Columbia last Friday, and will remain here for sometime. They are occupying the residence of Mr. Perry Hutchison, out on Greensburg street. Mr. Pearce has many leases in Cumberland and Adair and he is here to look after his interest.

Hon. Ralph Gilbert, Congressman from the Eighth district, arrived, accompanied by his wife, for a days' visit, last Friday afternoon. The Congressman is making social calls during the recess period, and his friends in Adair county gave him a cordial greeting. He is making a very efficient representative, becoming prominent on the floor in a few days after taking his seat.

Miss Prudence Lyon, of Campbellsville, who for six weeks was the bookkeeper for Buchanan Lyon Company, this place, has returned to her home. She is a very competent young lady, has attractive manners, and she made many friends in Columbia, all of whom would have been glad could she remained longer. Mrs. G. F. Stults, of this place, succeeded her, and will doubtless make the Company a very efficient helper.

Additional Locals.

Born, to the wife of Edwin Cravens September 10, 1921, a son. Mother and baby doing well.

Mr. Horace Walker, who recently purchased a Maxwell, says that he is well pleased with his car.

Sewing wanted at the Hancock Hotel.

Mrs. Ralph Stults and sister.

Mr. W. I. Ingram is having some valuable improvements made at his residence. Mr. Horace Walker is doing the work.

A new line of rings at new prices to be found at L. E. Young's Jewelry Store.

We have received a catalog of Berea College, showing that it enrolled over 2500 pupils last year. A number of Adair and Russell counties names appear in the curriculum.

Everything to be had in the school supplies. Why chance sending elsewhere?

L. E. Young, Jeweler.

Mr. Guy Nell has rented and moved to the B. E. Rowe residence, two miles out on the Burkesville pike. Mr. Geo. H. Nell will remove to the residence vacated by his son, Guy.

The Ingersoll Just the watch for those who want a good, low priced watch.

L. E. Young, Jeweler.

It is estimated that more than 700 physicians, coming from every county in State, will be in Louisville September 20, 21, and 22, to attend the State Medical Association. Important questions will be discussed.

For Sale.

Grist Mill, Corn crusher, Emery stand and wheel, Line shaft pulleys, belts, tire bender.

W. H. Cundiff, Heraldine, Ky.

Mr. J. R. Garnett is having a very extensive porch built to his residence.

The floor is concrete. The addition will make his residence more attractive. Willis & Murrell are at work on a very extensive porch for Miss Mollie Caldwell.

For Sale.

My house and lot, on Burkesville street, known as the E. G. Atkins property. I will also sell 18 acres of good tobacco land which adjoins the farm of Sam Burdette.

D. E. Phelps, Columbia, Ky.

Mr. J. R. Wilson has received a letter from Texas Saturday night, stating that his sister-in-law Mrs. Henderson Wilson, had just died in Goodlett, Texas. She was a native of Adair county and had been living in Texas for several years.

Rev. Jessie L. Murrell will not be able to fill his appointment at Garlin next Sunday, but he will preach at that place the 4th Sunday at 11 a. m. On the third Sunday he is called to Taylor county, Jones' Chapel, to dedicate a church.

The Adair County Convention of Christian Churches which was to have been held at Milltown, has been postponed on account of the inability of the State worker to be present. On account of sickness some of the county workers could not attend. Another date will be given soon.

On Friday night September 23, the members of Columbia Chapter No. 7, R. A. Masons will meet in their hall, this city. Besides attending to regular business, officers for the ensuing year are to be elected. The High Priest wants all Companions in reach of the Chapter to attend.

SAILS FOR Y. W. WORK IN RUSSIA.

Miss Corinne Breeding Will Direct Work Among Business Women of the Baltic States.

Miss Corinne Breeding, 25 years old, a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Breeding, 17 Highland Circle, sailed Friday from New York for Riga headquarters of the Young Women's Christian association for the Baltic states. Miss Breeding sailed on the Latvia, of the Baltic American line.

At Riga Miss Breeding will take charge of that branch of work pertaining to girls in the business world. One of her duties will be to direct a campaign to interest the girls of Russia and bordering states in the idea of working. She was chosen for this position especially because of her practical business experience.

Miss Breeding has been in Y. W. C. A. work for several years. For two years she was office executive in Dallas. At the end of the war she traveled over the southwest, closing the hostess houses of the various camps.

Miss Breeding is a graduate of Oklahoma university, where she obtained her Bachelor of Arts degree, and is a graduate of Central high school, Oklahoma City. She specialized in Y. W. C. A. work at the university. She is a member of the Kappa Alpha Theta sorority.—Oklahoma City, Ok., paper.

Miss Breeding is a product of Adair county. She is a daughter of our old friend, Charles D. Breeding and a granddaughter of G. Wash Breeding, who died some years ago, at his home, Breeding, Ky.

Home Town Paper to Observe Special Week.

A nation-wide "Subscribe for your home town paper week" which will be participated in by this community as well as thousands of similar communities all over the country will be observed Nov. 7 to 12. The purpose of the campaign is not alone to induce persons who may not be subscribers to the home paper to "sign up" but also for emphasizing the service which the 10,000 and more country weeklies, to say nothing of the small city dailies, are rendering to community and national life.

The movement for a "home paper week" was started several years ago by a New York country editor but at that time he was unable to get the necessary support for the movement



ANNOUNCEMENT

September 2, 1921.

Mr. Edsel B. Ford, President of the Ford Motor Company, makes the following announcement:

"We are making another reduction in the prices of Ford cars and the Ford Truck, effective to-day. The new prices average \$70.00 under former prices, and are the lowest at which Ford cars and trucks have ever been sold. List prices F. O. B. Detroit are now as follows:

	New Price	Old Price	Amount of Reduction
Chassis	\$295	\$345	\$ 50
Runabout	325	370	45
Touring Car	355	415	60
Truck	445	495	50
Coupe	595	695	100
Sedan	660	760	100

"This is the third price cut during the past twelve months. On September 22, 1920, the price of the Ford touring car was reduced from \$575 to \$440; June 7th to \$415, and now to \$355, making total reductions in this type of \$220, or 38 per cent. The proportionate reductions have been made in all other types. One year ago the price of the Ford sedan was \$975; to-day it lists at \$660 with the same equipment.

We are taking advantage of every known economy in the manufacture of our products in order that we may give them to the public at the lowest possible price, and by doing that, we feel that we are doing the one big thing that will help this country into more prosperous times. People are interested in prices, and are buying when prices are right.

"The production of Ford cars and trucks for August, again broke all previous high records, with the total reaching 117,696. This is the fourth consecutive month in which our output has gone over the hundred thousand mark, the total for the four months being 463,074, which has gone a long way in making possible the present reductions. June this year, with an output of 117,247 was the previous record month.

"One noteworthy feature of our sales is the increased demand for Ford trucks and cars for salesmen. This class of commercial business has been gradually increasing the past sixty days and we interpret it as a very good sign of improvement in general business.

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The CLAN CALL

By Hapsburg Liebe

Illustrations by Irwin Myers

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2

"But you must go back," declared Dale. "You really must."

Ben Littleford's daughter was silent. For a moment she absently watched the playful antics of a little brown squirrel on the side of a nearby hickory. Then she arose.

"Look," she urged—it was one of the charming wiles of her—"Look at



"Look," she urged—it was one of the charming wiles of her—"Look at my new dress. Me and Pat made it, every stitch of it. Don't you think it's nice?"

"Sure, it's nice," Dale agreed. "But my dress looks nice on you, Babe. If only you'd stick with Mrs. McLaurin and let her educate you! You shouldn't have cared anything about what my mother said; my mother doesn't always see things in the true light. You'll go back, won't you?"

She bent toward him and asked pointedly: "Bill Dale, what makes you so anxious to me to go?"

"Because," readily, "I want you to have an education."

"What makes you want me to have an education, Bill Dale?"

"Because you'd be such a splendid woman, if you had an education."

Babe Littleford pursued with childlike eagerness: "And what makes you want me to be such a splendid woman?"

"Because," he said, "I want you to have an education."

"What makes you want me to have an education, Bill Dale?"

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that I find my people and their families as thick as m'lasses in a jug, while we walk on."

When Dale returned to John Moreland's cabin from having seen Babe Littleford safely to her father's door, he found Major Bradley and By Heck waiting at the gate. Heck had some important, bad news, he said.

"Better not tell me about it until after supper," replied Dale. "I'm as hungry as you ever were, By."

They went in to sit down to one of the best meals Addie Moreland had ever prepared. When they had finished eating, John Moreland led the way into the best room, where they took chairs. The major produced cigars. By Heck, swollen with a feeling of greatness, lighted the wrong end of his weed, fated Dale, and began to unburden his mind of its weight of information.

"Well, Bill, old boy," he began—and then stopped to wonder why his cigar wouldn't smoke as well as the major's. "Well, Bill, old boy," he went on, finally. "Henderson Goff, he's shore been as busy as a one-armed man in a bum-blebee's nest. I can't see, I god, what's wrong with this here seegyar. He's went and brung about twenty-five Torreys from two places known as Jerus'lem cove and Hatton's hell, to help work his mine when he gits it. They're all a-puttin' up with them Balls. The Torreys is part Injun, Cherokee Injun, and I've heered it said 'at they

broth."

Major Bradley blew a little cloud of smoke upward. "More of the game of bluff, perhaps," he suggested.

"I'm inclined to think so," thought Dale. "Well, we'll avoid trouble as long as we decently can; and when we can no longer get around it, we'll call in as much of the law as we can get, and meet it half-way."

"Sure," nodded the mining expert.

Dale was on his way to the new mine the following morning, when he met Henderson Goff. Again Dale was forcibly reminded of stories he had heard and read of Mississippi river steamboat gamblers of the long ago.

Goff stepped out of the trail, smiled and spoke with apparent good humor. Dale passed him without a word.

Then the shyest coal man called out, "Ready to sell yet?"

The Moreland Coal company's manager halted and faced about with a puckering of his brows.

"For a fair price, yes."

"Just what would you call a fair price?"

"Oh, somewhere between two and three hundred thousand," promptly.

Goff sniffed, and the corners of his mouth came down.

"You don't want much. You won't get it from me!"

That afternoon he again met Goff in the trail. The bare sight of the shyest made him very angry now, and his right hand fell upon the butt of the big revolver on his hip. Goff was about to sidestep in the laurels, when Dale caught him roughly by the arm.

"See here," he said sharply, "you've about cut your little swath. We've had enough of you. You can't get this coal at any price, and the sooner you get yourself out of this country the better and safer it will be for you. To be plain, I'm pretty apt to thrash you the very next time I see you. Now move on!"

Goff went off laughing wickedly. "Oh, all right, Dale; go ahead and build the little road for me!" he said.

Late that night every sleeper in the valley of the Doe was awakened by a great, rumbling explosion, which was followed almost immediately by another great, rumbling explosion. Before the reverberations had died away, Bill Dale had dressed himself and was standing on the vine-hung front porch, and he was only a few seconds ahead of John Moreland.

Then there came the tearing sound of a heavy explosion miles to the eastward.

"Do ye know what it is?" inquired the mountaineer.

"They've stolen our dynamite from the tobacco-barn, and blown up the office and supplies building and the commissary building; also they've blown up the big trestle near the siding," Dale answered.

"AUS my guess, too," said Moreland.

Within the next half hour Dale and Hayes, Major Bradley, and the menfolk of the Morelands and the Littlefords had gathered around the wreck of the two big, unfinished frame buildings. Dale blamed himself much for having left dynamite unguarded in the tobacco-barn—but nobody else blamed him for it.

"It's time to let the law in," he said when he had viewed the jumbled mass of broken planks and timbers by the light of lanterns. He turned to stalwart Luke Moreland.

"You get on my horse and ride to Cartersville for the sheriff. Tell him he can get the best posse in the world right here, if he needs one. It's the proper thing, isn't it, major?"

"Yes," said Major Bradley, "it's the proper thing. You've got a real grievance now. But I fancy Goff had nothing to do with this; he is shrewd enough to know that a thing like this would cook his goose. Goff has been playing a bluff game all along, you know. Some Balls or some Torreys, perhaps a mixture of both, have done this without Goff's knowing anything about it. I'd have Sheriff Flowers arrest several of the Balls and several of the Torreys, and try to scare them into turning state's evidence to save themselves."

The major finished in a low tone, because of the probability for eavesdroppers, and in this he was wise.

"We'll do that," Dale decided.

He faced Hayes, his right-hand man, and began to give orders like a veteran general manager. The men were to take their rifles with them to work in the morning, but they were to fire no shot unless it was in defense of life or property. In the morning every available wagon in the valley was to be sent to the little sawmill that was in operation ten miles toward the lowland for more building material.

By Heck joined them then. He guessed just what had happened, plucked at Dale's sleeve and whispered:

"Spoken I takes a sneak or two toward them lowdown, walnut-eyed, knock-kneed, dadblamed Balls and Torreys and finds out what I can find out; hey, Bill?"

The answer came readily: "Sure, you be detective. But be careful that you don't lose anything for us, y' know, if you don't gain anything."

By Heck and his rifle disappeared in the darkness of the mountain night.

A little after work-time that day, Bill Dale started alone on the way of the narrow-gauge railroad for the siding. He wished to see for himself just what the damage had been to the trestle, and he hoped to meet Goff, or a Ball, or a Torrey, and learn something that would be to his advantage.

Before he had covered two miles, he had seen two of the enemy skulking through the woods, and he recognized

CONTINUED ON PAGE 7

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7]

them for Torreys from Jerusalem Cove and Hutton's Hell; he knew it by their very swarthy skin, their high cheekbones and their coarse black hair, the outcroppings of the Cherokee Indian blood in them. They looked cunning and wicked. Dale loosened in its holster the big revolver that Major Bradley had persuaded him to carry for his own protection. John Moreland had taught him how to use firearms.

At a point near where the little stream that flowed past the Halfway switch emptied into Doe river, where Doe river turned almost squarely to the left, Dale halted abruptly. He had seen a man dart behind a scrubby oak some thirty yards ahead of him; quite naturally, he concluded that the fellow meant to waylay him, and he, too, stepped behind a tree, a big hemlock.

A silent minute went by. Then Dale put his hat out on one side of the tree and peeped from the other side; it was an old trick that Grandpap Moreland had told him about. A rifle cracked promptly and sharply, and a bullet hole appeared in the rim of his hat!

Following it, there came the coarse, bass voice of Black Adam Ball, the mountaineer Goliath:

"You can't fool me. I jest shot to put a hole in yore new hat and to show ye 'at I ain't no bad shot. You can't hit my hat!"

Dale's temper, the temper that had always been so hard to keep under control, rose quickly. He tried to reason, with himself, and couldn't; his passion mastered him. He snatched the big revolver from its holster and cocked it. With as steady a hand as ever held a weapon trained, he began to take aim at Ball's slouch hat, the half of which was in plain view at one side of the scrubby oak.

"I fooled you once, back there in the middle of the river," he cried hotly, "and now I'm going to fool you again!"

There was in his voice that old, old primitive rage, which frightened him, and puzzled him too, in his better moments.

He let down the bead until it was barely visible in the notch, and eased off the trigger. The revolver roared and spat forth a tiny tongue of flame and a little cloud of white smoke. Ball sprang erect, wheeled, and fell crashing to the leaves!

Dale dropped his weapon. He went as white as death, and his two hands clutched uncertainly at his throat. He was a murderer! No, he wasn't—his bullet had gone wild; it had struck Ball's head on the other side of the tree, by accident. But how could he prove that it had been an accident? Would any jury believe him? It was far from probable.

He stepped from behind the hemlock and went toward the writhing Goliath, whose legs only were visible now.

Then a third shot rang out on the morning stillness. It had been fired from a point some little distance away, and Dale's condition of mind at the moment was such that he didn't even note the direction from which the sound had come. He was unhurt, and he had not heard the whine of a bullet or the pattering of shot on the leaves. When he looked about him, he saw no one; neither did he see any telltale smoke. Perhaps, he thought dimly, it had been a squirrel-hunter that had fired that shot. He forgot about it very quickly for the time being, and went on toward Adam Ball, who now was lying perfectly still.

There was a bullet-hole through and through the great, shaggy head. The face behind the short, curly black beard was of the colorless hue of soapstone. The giant hillman was dead.

Bill Dale knelt there beside Black Adam. Again he clutched at his throat with his two shaking hands, and this time he tore his blue flannel shirt. All the agony and all the remorse in the universe seemed to be gathering there in his heart. Never before had he seen death. Its grim presence terrified him. That the deplorable thing had been an accident, due to his faulty marksmanship, mattered little. He had killed a man, and the blood-red brand of Cain was burning away on his brow; he was a man in a hell of his own making. And kneeling there Bill Dale sobbed a great sob that shook his broad shoulders as a violent ague would have shaken them.

He tried to look at the blue-edged hole in the shaggy head; at the cruel, brutish face that was of the colorless hue of soapstone. Merciful tears blinded him, and he couldn't see. It was a compensation, a pitifully beautiful compensation. . . .

Five minutes passed, five minutes that were as five years to this man who had never been in the presence of death before. Then he realized that he was being surrounded by kinsmen of the dead mountaineer. He looked up into their ashen, angry faces, and they cursed him. Big and gripping brown hands were placed upon him; several rifles were turned upon him. He arose and spread out his arms, and offered his breast to the frowning muzzles. They could give him, at least, oblivion.

"Shoot, if you like," he said bitterly. "It was an accident, y'know, but—shoot, if you like."

"No," commanded Adam Ball's father, a slender and angular old man with a straggling iron-gray beard—"No, don't shoot. Shootin's too quick, by gones. And 'en, it ain't accordin' to law." (Queer how suddenly he respected the majesty of the law!) "We'd a durned sight rather see him hung, by the neck ontel dead in the jailyard at Cartersville. Ye'uns put down them thar guns. Put down all o' them thar guns right now; hear me?"



"Shoot, if You Like!" He Said Bitterly.

He turned back to Dale. "Ye say it was an accident?" he sneered.

"Yes, it was an accident."

"Like the old devil!" roared Black Adam's father.

He stopped and picked up his son's black slouch hat and examined it. There were two bullet holes close together in the rim—and one of them had been there for a long time.

"John Moreland, he's been a-larnin' ye how to shoot," he said, "and ye've shore l'arned purty d—d well. It must ha' been yore thirld shot 'at got Adam."

"I fired only once," disagreed Dale. "Your son fired first; I fired second; and somebody else, I haven't the slightest idea who, fired the other shot."

"Aw, shet up! Ye can tell it at the trial," growled old Ball. Then to his kinsmen.

"We'll hold Dale right here, boys, ontel the shurrif he's sent attter comes. And we'll not move Adam, which same is accordin' to law. I reckon Shurrif Tom Flowers'll find a different job from what he expected to find; won't he, boys? Say, I wisht one o' you feller'd gi' me a good, big chaw o' tobaker. Be durned ef I don't. Adam's death, it has made me feel sort o' bad, by gones, and tobaker's allus a consolation—"

"Bill Dale, you hain't got a chaw o' tobaker on ye, have ye—bought tobaker, store tobaker? It's a durned sight better'n home-made, I says. Ye say ye don't chew! Chew—h—! Why'n't ye say 'chaw,' like a man! I allus knowed ye wasn't no 'count, no-how. Nobody 'at don't chaw tobaker ain't no 'count. . . . All right, Jim like," to his nephew, "I'll take a chaw o' yores, then. And I'll take a to'ably big chaw, Jim like, 'cause Adam's death has made me feel sort o' bad, and tobaker's allus a consolation."

The sounds of the shooting had carried far, and it wasn't long until the scene of the tragedy was crowded with Balls and Torreys, Littlefords and Morelands. Major Bradley and Hayes, too, were there. Every man of them was armed; a very little thing might easily turn the place into a shambles. The major saw this, and he was afraid. He drew the leaders of the Morelands and the Littlefords aside, and finally prevailed upon them to do their utmost toward keeping peace until the coming of the sheriff.

At first John Moreland and Ben Littleford were for taking Bill Dale from the Balls and Torreys who guarded him, if they had to depopulate the whole Ball settlement, Jerusalem Cove and Hutton's Hell to accomplish it! Happily, the major's counsel prevailed.

Sheriff Tom Flowers was a tall and lithe, smooth-faced man. He arrived with Luke Moreland at noon, after hours of hard riding. He saw the high tension, and immediately steeled himself to handle the situation. After riding straight to the center of the gathering and there halting his horse, he said evenly:

"In order that I may know who to arrest, I must know something of the circumstances. Only one man must speak at a time. No playing bad with me; and remember that, gentlemen. I'll certainly drop the fellow who starts playing boss with me, if it's the last move I make on earth. Now somebody gently use his powers of speech."

Major Bradley, more soldierlike than ever, went forward. "As the attorney of Mr. Dale, who stands accused of killing Adam Ball," he said to the officer, "I beg leave to state that my client will do no talking at present."

Dale understood, and he did not open his mouth.

But old Ball had something to say, and he proceeded to say it:

"He killed my son, Adam," pointing to Dale, "in cold blood. Me and about a dozen o' my kin was on our way over Long ridge to look at a bee tree, when we heered three pistol shots. We was right up thar," pointing to the northward, "and we come a-runnin' over here to see, by gones, what was the matter. Well, by gones, we found Bill Dale thar down on his knees aside o' my son, Adam, who was as dead as h—l or dender; and Bill Dale was a-sobbin' and a-sobbin' about it. And ef he never killed my son Adam, what was he a-sobbin' and a-sobbin' about, I ax you that? And my son Adam, he had a rifle, by gones, but

he never shot none at all. He was with us up to a few minutes before, and he hadn't shot none all mornin'.

Shurrif Flowers, I wisht ye'd gi' me a good, big chaw o' tobaker, by gones, 'cause my son Adam his death it has made me feel bad."

Major Bradley stopped caressing his well-kept gray imperial, walked over to the dead man's rifle, picked it up and put its muzzle to his nose. He scented fresh powder-smoke. Then he flung old Ball with a strange, hard glitter in his blue eyes.

"You are a liar, sir," he said with a peculiar politeness.

A stir ran quickly over the Balls and Torreys. Shurrif Flowers called out:

"Quiet, there!" and there was quiet.

He continued: "Where is Mr. Dale's revolver?"

The Balls had it. They produced it. It had three empty chambers when it should have had but one!

"Pass it to me butt first," ordered the law's representative. He knew that many a man had been shot while taking a revolver barrel first, and he was taking no chances.

Old Ball obediently turned the weapon around.

"Say, shurrif," he chattered, "have ye plumb f'got about me axin' 'ya f' a chaw o' store-bought? By gones, Adam's death—"

Flowers turned to Dale.

"I have heard through Luke Moreland," he said with more or less of feeling in his voice, "a good many things in your favor. I want you to know that I'm sorry to have to take you and place you in the Cartersville jail. To show you that I mean it, I'll spare you the irons and allow you to ride your own horse along beside me, as though you were not under arrest at all."

Dale had by this time worn the keen edge from his grief by means of his great will power. He bowed slightly to the officer and replied with grace and courtesy:

"Believe me, sir," with the very faintest trace of a smile, "I am very much obliged to you."

Luke Moreland led up the sleek young bay that Bill Dale had named Fox, and Dale swung himself easily into the saddle. He faced the shurrif.

"If you're ready to go, sir," he said, "I am."

Together they rode through the woodland toward the broad, green valley, with the Littlefords, the Morelands, Major Bradley and Hayes following closely behind them.

Up on the side of David Moreland's mountain there had been a silent and unseen witness to the arrest of Bill Dale. She was hidden behind a gnarled and twisted clump of sheep-laurel, sitting on a patch of dainty, pure blue dayflowers—crushears in her hands the tiny purple blossoms that are known as Jim's tears.

"Lord, what'll I do now?" she murmured.



"Lord, What'll I Do Now?" She Murmured.

It was a great and unanswerable question, and it was a prayer, too. "Lord, what'll I do now?" she repeated.

When Bill Dale had ridden out of her sight, she threw down the crushed flowers and flung herself prostrate, with her face close to the hemlock needles and the earth, and wept low and bitterly, and wept and wept—

"Lord, what'll I do now?"

TO BE CONTINUED

During the last week in August the production of coal increased with an output of 7,775,000 tons.

Two Louisville men were killed and three injured when their automobile came into a collision at Jeffersonville Sunday with an interurban car.

Indiana voted last week on several amendments to the constitution including a tax classification provision similar to the law in Kentucky.

Gradyville

We are having a little rain this week.

Felling fodder and making hay are on this week.

Strong Hill is attending the Fair at Louisville this week.

W. B. Hill spent last Saturday and Sunday at Bakerton.

G. E. Nell is having a new coat of paint put on his house.

John W. Pickett and family, of Campbellsville, passed through here the first of the week, en route for Pyrus, where they will spend several days visiting relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. George W. Dudley spent a day or so visiting their relatives at Pickett this week.

Bill Sneed, a son of Luther Sneed, accidentally shot himself while trying to discharge a shot gun one evening last week. Billie will never kill him self fooling with a gun.

The pike from this place half-way to Columbia, is nearing completion. The work is under the supervision of W. L. Grady. He knows a good horse and he knows how to make good roads for them to go over.

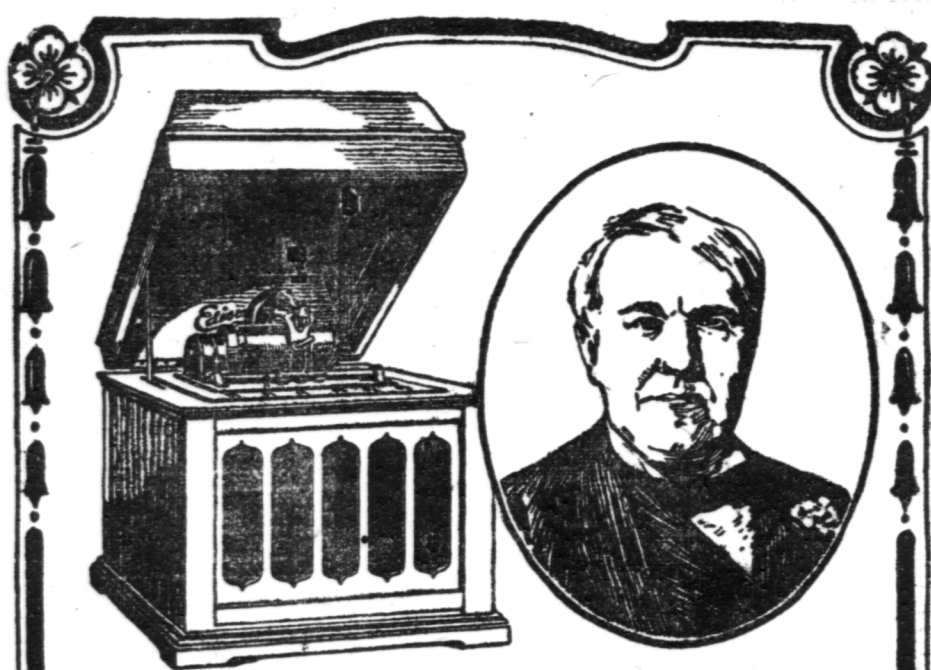
L. B. Cain bought last week forty or fifty head of cattle at prices from 4 to 5 cents per lb., from different parties in this section.

Mr. O. B. Estes has been confined to his room for the past week with one of his feet. It was feared for awhile that blood poison would set up. At this time he is considered better.

Messrs Nell & Sneed, who have a very fine crop of tobacco, are prizing this week, preparing for the Louisville market.

Mr. Charles Sexton, Jr., and wife, of Scottsville, are spending this week with their relatives and friends, in this section. Mr. Sexton informed your reporter that his father, who is well-known at this place and Milltown, as being one of her best citizens, as well as an up-to-date shoemaker many years ago, is now enjoying the best of health. He has a very fine house connected with the place. He has in that section. We were all certainly glad to hear that there had been two of them paying oil wells put down on his premises, that alone the proceeds from his part of the oil, no doubt, would make him and his good lady a nice living. We are always glad to learn of our people from old Adair coming to the front especially in their older and riper days.

Dr. and Mrs. Garnett Miller, who have been in our midst for the past five or six months, made up their minds to return to their former home, Moody, Texas, a short time ago, and started the seventh. Dr. Miller is one of the best physicians that has ever practiced in this part of Adair county. He made friends wherever he went and had a fine practice. The longer we knew him the better we liked him, both as a man and physician. Owing to his business interest at Moody and the condition of our roads in this part of Adair county, and him not a very strong man physically, he thought best to return to his former home. While some of our homes are very lonely without the presence of his wife and



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"Three Days of Good Music—FREE"

without obligating you in any way. You can name practically your own terms when you buy. Letter or phone will bring the Amberola to your home if you can't call.

Herbert Taylor

Columbia, Kentucky.

him, we try to look on the bright side of every question and submit everything to Him that doeth all things right. Their many friends at Moody will be made glad on their return.

Quite a large crowd of people came to town last Saturday to witness the ball game between Sparksville's best nine and Summershade team. The game was interesting from the start and when it closed out there were 9 scores for Summershade team to 2 for Sparksville. The next game will be played at Summershade.

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Unquestionably the possession of the Philippines is a strategic disadvantage to America. Those islands are located thousands of miles from our shores, and within easy striking distance of Japan. Should we ever—which God forbid—be embroiled with Japan, the protection of the Philippines would be a very different thing from the protection of our own land.

AND WHAT IT MEANS.

8,000,000 idle men in the United States and a general railroad strike is in prospect for this fall.

Farming lands and farming products are at the lowest stage ever before known in the history of America.

Liberty bonds are still lower than they were before the November election. Remember what they said?

Taxes in Kentucky next year will be on the basis of land valuation of 100 per cent. School taxes will be proportionately higher.

Freight rates are still up; interest rates on borrowed money can be no higher than it is now; no money can be borrowed, and business is not what it used to be.

But, thank the Devil, we still have the politician with us to promise, and the fool to believe the promise of better times and a "return to normalcy."

How Come?

"Father," asked the small boy of an editor, "is Jupiter inhabited?"

"I don't know, my son," was the truthful answer.

"Father, are there any sea serpents?"

"I don't know, my son."

"Father, what does the North Pole look like?" But alas, again the answer. "I don't know, my son."

At last in desperation, he in-

Big Land Sale.

The Best Farm in Casey County.

Combest & Cundiff's

Splendid 400 Acre River Bottom Farm
(Subdivided)

Live Stock, Farming Implements, Etc.

At Absolute Auction

On The Premises,

Wednesday, Sept. 21st, at 10 a. m.

Rain Or Shine.

This valuable estate is better known as the "Dunham or Pierce Combest" farm is located in Casey County on good pike in graded school district two miles from Dunnville, two miles from Phil and nine miles from Liberty, Ky. It has 300 acres in Green River bottoms of which 130 acres overflows every year and as fine as a crow ever flew over, as rich as cream and as rich and as fertile as the valley of the Nile. It has 170 acres in corn that will produce about 8500 bushels this year, about 100 acres in meadow and the balance in grass. Most of the corn land already sown in timothy. It will make your mouth water to see the growing crops on this fine dirt. The upland has some good timber, rich coves and fine tobacco land. It is a regular tractor farm and an ideal stock farm. Fine water, wells, everlasting springs, river etc. Good fencing. Lots of fruit of fine variety. It has been in the Dunham and Combest families for 50 or 60 years and the Maker of the Universe never made better dirt than those rich river bottoms.

IMPROVEMENTS. Old fashioned typical Kentucky home brick six rooms, two large halls etc, three tenant houses of three rooms each and two of those new, new tobacco barn 40 x 100, four other good barns, hay barn, stock scales, single and double cribs and a world of other outbuildings.

PERSONALTY. 18 yearling cattle, good bull weighing 1300 lbs. 3 suckling calves, 4 very good milk cows, one good milk cow 4 year old red Durham, one black milk cow and calf, two 6 year old mules, one aged mule, one pair yearling mules, one Peavine saddle mare 9 years old extra good one, one good work mare 10 years old, one mare and suckling mule, nice Shetland pony 4 years old good driver and gentle, one Duroc boar good one, 12 brood sows, and 70 pigs some thorough bred and some subject to register, 30 sheep, ewes, lambs and two bucks, 50,000 lbs. baled hay, 20,000 lbs. loose hay, buggy and harness, 2 two horse wagons, blacksmith tools and all kinds of farming tools such as mowers, rakes, binders, plows etc.

It is seldom in a lifetime you have a chance to buy property like this. The safest place in all the world to put your dollars is in the bosom of old Mother Earth. It won't rust decay or get out of style, good today and better tomorrow. A safe conservative investment. This farm is a Money Maker and Dividend Producer. The possibilities on land like this is almost unlimited. Written words cannot do this farm justice. It is all we claim for it and more. You must see it to appreciate what it really is. We invite the closest inspection for we know the more you look the more you will bid. It will be an ABSOLUTE SALE without reserve by bid or limit. Mr. Cundiff's health will not permit him to stay in this climate and as every one knows Mr. Combest will be the High Sheriff of Casey County for the next four years. Both of the boys are game to the core. They invite you to this sale and ask you to say what this grand old estate is worth and they are going to make you a deed. The wise man always takes advantage of an OPPORTUNITY. It is knocking at your door RIGHT NOW—ACT. This will be the BIG SALE of the season better join the crowd and attend. It will be subdivided into four tracts.

ABSOLUTELY FREE—To the person guessing closest to what this farm will bring as a whole we will give \$10.00 in gold and to person guessing next closest \$5.00 in gold.

DINNER ON THE GROUND. Terms exceedingly easy and made known on the day of sale. Look this property over carefully and meet us there on sale day of WEDNESDAY SEPTEMBER 21ST AT 10 A. M. and pound your bids at her.

For full particulars blue prints etc see write or phone either the owners Loss Combest, Liberty, Ky. or Ancil Cundiff, Dunnville Ky. or

Hughes & McCarty, Stanford, Ky.

Col. J. B. Dinwiddle, on the Block.

quired with withering emphasis:

"Father, how ever did you get to be an editor?"

Pelleyton.

Several from this place attended the Camp meeting at Acton last Sunday.

D. O. Pelley and family and N. T. Jones and family attended the Columbia Fair.

Mr. John Rector was through here last week buying calves, paying from \$8.00 to \$10.00 per head.

N. T. Jones bought of R. H. Hudson one mule colt for \$35.00.

Mr. Leonard Burress of Liberty, was here last week.

Miss Pearl Jones has been absent from school several days on account of malarial fever.

Mr. M. E. Jeffries bought of A. W. Pelley two nice hogs at 10c per pound.

Road working is the order of the day and our magistrate George Wolford has responded

to the calls of the overseers like a man, and we see no good reasons for turning Mr. Wolford down in November. So let's stick to Wolford and he will stick to us.

Neatsburg.

Sorgum making is the order of the day.

Dr Russell was called to see the little child of J. B. Neat, last week.

Mr. Sam Cundiff and family and Mr. Dave Neat, have returned from Rantoul, Ill. They report the finest crops there that has been for years.

Mr. E. F. Winfrey and Mr. J. J. Watson, made a business trip to Dunville a few days ago.

Little Christine and Maxine Wheat, visited their grand mother, Mrs. G. I. Hardwick last week.

Mr. Dave Neat bought a choice milk cow from Tom Neat for \$40.

Several from this place attend-

ed the Fair and Bank robbers trial.

Mr. Jul Hatfield was in Columbia last Monday.

Leonard Bryant and Willie Grant have returned from Indianapolis. They say there isn't a job to be obtained there.

Miss Ora Hatfield has been visiting Mrs. Welby Ellis, at Garlin for the last few days.

Some farmers have begun pulling fodder.

Welby Holmes was in this part buying cattle, paying from 4 to 5 cts. per pounds.

Bro. Loyd Emmitt the Christian Evangelist is in our midst carrying on a protracted meeting.

Chester Burge, seventeen years old, of Macon, Ga., was milking when there was a flash of lightning and the cow fell dead. He was found sitting on the stool, unable to move. He was completely paralyzed by the flash.